

THE
Intriguing Chambermaid.

A

C O M E D Y
Of TWO ACTS.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Taken from the French of REGNARD,
By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

*Majores nusquam ronchi; juvenesque senesque,
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.* Martial.

L O N D O N:

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E P I S T L E

To Mrs. CLIVE.

M A D A M,

If Addresses of this Nature (notwithstanding the base Purposes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the Gratitude of the Author for some Favour receiv'd, or to celebrate the Merit of some particular Friend; I think you have a very just Title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most Panegyricks, have been generally confined to Persons in high Life; not that good Qualities are so; but as the Praise which most Authors bestow comes not from the Heart, nor is the Effect of their Gratitude for past Favours, but of their Necessity of future; it is not so much their Business to inquire who best deserves Praise, as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an Epistle crammed with such gross, false, and absurd Flattery, as the Poet ought to be ashame of writing, and the Patron of accepting.

E P I S T L E.

But while I hold the Pen, it will be a Maxim with me, that Vice can never be too great to be lashed, nor Virtue too obscure to be commended; in other Words, that Satire can never rise too high, nor Panegyrick stoop too low.

It is your Misfortune to bring the greatest Genius for acting on the Stage, at a time when the Factions and Divisions among the Players have conspired with the Folly, Injustice, and Barbarity of the Town, to finish the Ruin of the Stage, and sacrifice our own native Entertainments to a wanton affected Fondness for foreign Musick; and when our Nobility seem eagerly to rival each other, in distinguishing themselves in favour of *Italian* Theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much *English* Taste and Good-nature left, as sometimes to visit that Stage where you exert your great Abilities, never fail to receive you with the Approbation you deserve; nay, you extort, by the Force of your Merit, the Applause of those who are languishing for the Return of *Cuzzoni*.

And here I cannot help reflecting with some Pleasure, that the Town, that Part of it, at least, which is not quite *Italianized*, have one
Obli-

E P I S T L E.

Obligation to me, who made the first Discovery of your great Capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the Theatre, than the Ignorance of some and the Envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on any thing so well known as your Theatrical Merit, which one of the finest Judges and the greatest Man of his Age hath acknowledg'd to exceed in Humour that of any of your Predecessors in his Time.

But as great a Favourite as you at present are with the Audience; you would be much more so, were they acquainted with your private Character; cou'd they see you laying out great part of the Profits which arise to you from entertaining them so well, in the Support of an aged Father; did they see you who can charm them on the Stage with personating the foolish and vicious Characters of your Sex, acting in real Life the Part of the best Wife, the best Daughter, the best Sister, and the best Friend.

The Part you have maintaih'd in the present Dispute between the Players and the Patentees, is so full of Honour, that had it been in higher Life, it would have given you the Reputation of the greatest Heroine of the Age. You looked on the Cases of

Mr. Highmore

E P I S T L E.

Mr. *Highmore* and Mrs. *Wilks* with Compassion, nor could any Promises or Views of Interest sway you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any Fatigue (particularly the Part which at so short a warning you undertook in this Farce) to support the Cause of those whom you imagin'd injur'd and distress'd; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant Reward from Persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the Patentees should be injur'd by the Dismission of the Audience.

In short, if Honour, Good-nature, Gratitude, and good Sense, join'd with the most entertaining Humour, wherever they are found, are Titles to publick Esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least, I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere Friendship of,

M A D A M,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

To Mr. Fielding, occasioned by the
Revival of the Author's Farce.

Sent to the Author by an unknown Hand.

While Wit, like Persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furious Inquisition fall,
Untry'd, unheard: While guiltless Crowds expire,
Martyrs to Spleen! in each postick Fire;
Nor Characters, nor Worth, nor Sex, nor Age,
Nor sacred Majesty escapes her Rage;
Against Example who shall dare commend?
Avow Good-nature or confess the Friend!

Hard is the Task, in such a Soil, to raise
From her Decay the long-lost Art of Praise,
Where the sharp Thistle springs to implant the Corn,
Or graft the Rose upon the spiny Thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the Fight,
In vain I mourn the Abuse I cannot right!
Yet this remains —— with cheerful Warmth to pay
To real Worth this tributary Lay.

Accept then, Fielding! from a Heart sincere,
A Gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd Applause! by no mean Motive sway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy Merit paid.

Long have I seen, with Sorrow and Surprize,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy strong Genius rise,
To form our Manners, and amend our Laws,
And aid, with artful Hand, the publick Cause.

When modern Crimes, to elder Times unknown,
With worse than Sodom's Guilt pollute this Town,
Tid to old Rules, tho' Westminster must aid,
The Shame and Scandal of the nuptial Bed,

Thy

Thy equitable Muse asserts her Claim,
To mark the Monster with eternal Shame,
The Brute appears, in thy more just Decree,
Triumphant only in his Infamy.

— But see! the Politician mounts the Stage,
The Bane and Weakness of our Clime, and Age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' instructive Scene?
Indulge his Laughter? or contain his Spleen?
When he reflects that such grave Heads, so late
Controul'd our Senate, and inflam'd our State!

O! had the Muse a due Attention found,
Her Flights encourag'd, and her Labours crown'd;
Each busy Knave had felt her vengeful Hand,
And Laughter branded whom the Laws should brand!

In vain we wish? — and the compliant Bard,
The publick Taste must sway, that must reward;
To that conforming, he must fill the Scene,
With Puppets, Players, Henley, Harlequin;
Farce, Masque, and Opera, Grubstreet, and the Court,
Link'd of Nonsense must club to make us Sport.

Yet here, even here what Sense! with how much Art,
He courts the Head, since we deny the Heart;
Mark, in his Mirth how innocent he plays!
And while he mimics the Mimick, hurts not Bays —
Tho' much provok'd, no base Ill-nature stains,
With murd'rous Dye, his unpolluted Strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bless'd Youth! to charm,
Divert our Heats, and civil Rage disarm,
Till Fortune, once not blind to Merit, smile
On thy Desert, and recompense thy Toil;
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's Fame,
Protect thy Labours, and prescribe the Theme,
On which, in Ease and Affluence, thou may'st raise
More noble Trophies to thy Country's Praise.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Upon the Revival of the Author's Farce;

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

*A*s when some ancient hospitable Seat,
Where Plenty oft has giv'n the jovial Treat,
Where in full Bowls each welcome Guest has drown'd
All sorrowing Thought, while Mirth and Joy went round:
Is by some wanton worthless Heir destroy'd,
Its once full Rooms grown a deserted Void;
With Sighs, each Neighbour views the mournful Place;
With Sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched Theatre appear;
For Mirth and Joy once kept their Revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde in Clouds repair'd each Day,
And went well-pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here hath charm'd the list'ning Age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth hath fill'd the Stage;
Soft Eunuchs warbled in successless Strain,
And Tumblers shew'd their little Tricks in vain.
Those Boxes still the brighter Circles were,
Triumphant Toasts receiv'd their Homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our Case!
I view with Tears this poor deserted Place.
None to our Boxes now in Pity stray,
But Poets free o'th' House, and Beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we see our crowded Door
Send the late Comer back again at Fier.
At seven now into our empty Pit
Drops from his Coupler some old prudent Cut,
Contented with Twelve-pennimorth of Wit,
— Our Author of a generous Soul possest,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the Distress'd,

PROLOGUE.

To-Night what he shall offer in our Cause
Already hath been blst with your Applause.
Yet this, his Muse maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that, which once so much you priz'd,
We sue, not mean to make a partial Friend,
But without Prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure, but we trust,
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, Town
Will join to crush us, when we're almost down.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

A Poet should, unless his Fate be guest,
Write for each Play two Epilogues at least.
For how to empty Benches can we say,
What means this mighty Crouding here To-Day?
Or should the Pit with Flattery be cram'd,
How can we speak it; when the Play is damn'd,
Damn'd, did I say? — He surely need not fear it,
His Play is safe — when none will come to hear it.
English is now below this learned Town,
None but Italian Warblers will go down.
Tho' Courts were more Polite, the English Ditty
Cou'd heretofore at least content the City:
That, for Italian now has let us drop,
And Dimi Cara rings thro' ev'ry Shop.
What glorious Thoughts must all our Neighbours nourish,
Of us, where Rival Operas can flourish.

Let

E P I L O G U E.

Let France win all our Towns, we need not fear,
But Italy will send her Singers here;
We cannot buy 'em at a Price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful Shore,
While in their own the angry Cannons roar;
Here they may sing in Safety, we reward 'em,
Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.

Orpheus drew Stones with his enchanting Song,
These can do more, they draw our Gold along.

— But tho' our angry Poets rail in spite,
Ladies, I own, I think your Judgments right.
Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty Thing,
Those soft Italian Warblers have no Sting.

The' your soft Hearts the tuneful Charm may win,
You're still secure to find no Harm within,
Wisely from those rude Places you abstain,
Where Satire gives the wounded Hearer Pain.

'Tis hard to pay them who our Faults reveal,
As Boys are forc'd to buy the Rods they feel.
No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the Age,
And, as you've left the Pulpit, leave the Stage.

SONG IN STABAT



Dra-

3 H T

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Goodall,	Mr. Jones;
Valentine,	Mr. Stoppelaer.
Lord Pride,	Mr. Hewson.
Lord Puff,	Mr. Charles Jones.
Colonel Bluff,	Mr. Meeklin.
Oldcastle,	Mr. Norris.
Rakeit,	Mr. Mullart.
Marquis,	Mademoiselle Gagnet.
Slap,	Mr. Topham.
Trick,	Mr. Hallam.
Security,	Mr. Giles.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Highmatt,	Mrs. Mullart.
Charlotte,	Miss Arberton.
Lettice,	Mrs. Clive.

Ladies, Constable, Servants, &c.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

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My having trusted the Correction of the Press to a Friend who did not understand French, hath occasion'd some Errors in that Language, which the Reader who does, may easily rectify.

T H E



THE
Intriguing Chambermaid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Mrs. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

Mrs. HIGHMAN.

H! Mrs. Lettice; is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very Person I would meet.

Lett. I am much at your Service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam; I know very well that; and at every one's Service, I dare swear, that will pay you for it: But all the Service, Madam, that I have for you, is to carry a Message to your Master — I desire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very



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great Villain, and that I intreat him never more to come neir my Doors, for, if I find him within 'em, I will turn my Niece out of them.

Lett. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another Messenger; but, pray, what has my Master done, to deserve it shou'd be sent at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own Prudence; but I know what he wou'd do.

Lett. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a Gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam, debauching a young Lady, is acting like a very fine Gentleman; but I shall keep my Niece out of the Hands of such fine Gentlemen.

Lett. You wrong my Master, Madam, cruelly; I know his Designs on your Niece are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Lett. Yes, Madam, no one knows my Master's Heart better than I do: I am sure, were his Designs otherwise, I would not be accessory to 'em; I love your Niece too much, Madam, to carry on an Amour in which she shou'd be a Loser: But as I know that my Master is heartily in Love with her, and that she is heartily in Love with my Master; and as I am certain they will be a very happy Couple, I will not leave one Stone unturn'd, to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare Impudence! Hussy, I have another Match for her, she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Lett. Oh then! I find it is you that have a dishonourable Design on your Niece!

Mrs. High. How, Sauciness!

Lett. Yes, Madam, marrying a young Lady, who is in Love with a young Fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

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AIR I. Soldier Laddy.



When a Virgin in Love with a brisk jolly Lad,
You match to a Spark more fit for her Dadd,
Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a Gun,
The young Lover's Busines is happily done:
Tho' it seems to her Arms he takes the wrong Rout,

Yet my Life for a Farthing,

Pursuing

His Wooing,

The young Fellow finds, tho' be go round about,

It's only to come

The nearest way home,

B 2.

Mrs. Higb.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

Mrs. Higb. I can bear this no longer: I wou'd advise you, Madam, and your Master both, to keep from my House, or I shall take Measures you won't like. [Exit.

Lett. I defy you! we have the strongest Party; and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young Lady herself.

SCENE II.

Lettice, Charlotte.

Charl. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Lett. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam; your good Aunt is but just gone, and has left positive Orders that you should make more frequent Visits at our House.

Charl. Indeed!

Lett. Yes, Madam; for she has forbid my Master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Charl. I assure you! do you think me so fond then?

Lett. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all Day; and, if you will confess the Truth, I dare lay a Wager that you dream of nothing else all Night.

Charl. Then to shew you, Madam, how well you know me — the Devil take me — if you are not in the right.

Lett. Ah! Madam, to a Woman practis'd in Love, like me, there is no Occasion for Confession; for my part, I don't want Words to assure me of what the Eyes tell me. Oh! if the Lovers wou'd but consult the Eyes of their Mistresses, we shou'd not have such Sighing, Languishing, and Despairing as we have.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

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A I R II. Bush of Boon,



*What need be trust your Words precise,
Your soft Desires denying ;
When, Oh ! be reads within your Eyes
Your tender Heart complying.
Your Tongue may cheat,
And with Deceit
Your softer Wishes cover ;
But, Oh ! your Eyes
Know no Disguise,
Nor ever cheat your Lover.*

SCENE

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S C E N E III.

Lettice, Charlotte, Valentine.

Val. My dearest *Charlotte*! this is meeting my Wishes indeed !
for I was coming to wait on you.

Lett. It's very lucky that you do meet her here, for her House
is forbidden Ground, you have seen your last of that, *Mrs. High-
man* swears,

Val. Ha! not go where my dear *Charlotte* is? What Dan-
ger cou'd deter me? What Difficulty prevent me? Not Can-
non, nor Plagues, nor all the most frightful Forms of Death,
should keep me from her Arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your
Valour to any Proof; the Danger is to be mine, I am to be
turn'd out of Doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The Apprehensions of your Danger wou'd, indeed, put
it to the severest Proof: but why will my dearest *Charlotte*
continue in the House of one who threatens to turn her out
of it? Why will she not know another Home, one, where
she would find a Protector from every kind of Danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, *Valentine*, and ask
me that in our present desperate Circumstances?

Lett. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully: I won't in-
deed insist, that he gives you any great Instance of his Prudence
by it; but I'll swear, it is a very strong one of his Love, and
such an Instance, as when a Man has once shewn, no Woman
of any Honesty, or Honour, or Gratitude, can refuse him any
longer. For my part, if I had ever found a Lover who had not
wicked mercenary Views upon my Fortune, I should have
married him, whatever he had been.

Charl. Thy Fortune!

Lett. My Fortune! Yes, Madam, my Fortune; I was worth
Fifty Six Pounds before I put into the Lottery; what it will
be now, I can't tell; but, you know, some body must get the
great Lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, *Charlotte*! wou'd you had the same Sentiments
with me! for, by Heavens! I apprehend no Danger but that of
losing

The Intriguing Chambermaid. 9

losing you; and, believe me, Love will sufficiently reward us
for all the Hazards we run on his account.

A I R III. Fanny blooming Fair, &c.



Let bold Ambition lie
Within the Warrior's Mind;
False Honour let him buy,
With Slaughter of Mankind;
To Crown a doubtful Right,
Lay thousands in their Graves
While wretched Arms fight
Which Master shall enslave.

Love took my Heart with Storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming Form,
Still sitting on his Throne;
How will my Soul rejoice,
At his Commands to fly,
If spoken in that Voice,
Or look'd from that dear Eye!

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

To Universal Sway o'er All, but Love's own
Love's Title is the best; abxell out the world.
Well, shall we him obey,
Who makes his Subject's bleſſ? A
If Heaven for Human Good
Did Empire first design,
Love must be understood
To rule by Right Divine.

Lett. Hift! hift! get you both about your Business; Mr. Oldcastle is just turn'd the Corner, and if he shou'd see you together, you are undone. [Exit Valentine and Charlotte.] Now will I banter this old Coxcomb severely; for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old Fumblets, to interpose in young People's Sport.

S C E N E IV.

Lettice, Oldcastle.

Old. Hem! hem! I profess it is a very severe Easterly Wind; and if it was not to see a Mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all Day.

Lett. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble Servant.

Old. Your humble Servant, Madam: I ask your Pardon, but I profess I have not the Honour of knowing you.

Lett. Men of your Figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember; I am a poor Hand-maid of a young Lady of your Acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Higman.

Old. Oh! your very humble Servant, Madam. I hope your Lady is well?

Lett. Hum! so, so: She sent me, Sir; of a small Message to you.

Old. I am the happiest Man in the World.

Lett. To desire a particular Favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her Commands.

Lett.

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Lett. She begs, if you have the least Affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Lett. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd Lady, and does not care to send a rude Message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any Creature upon the Earth; that if you are resolv'd to marry, she wou'd recommend to you a certain excellent Dry Nurse, who might possibly be brought by your Money to do any thing, but go to Bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold Weather, never to go to Bed without a good warm Posset, and never to lie without, at least, a pair of Flannel Shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent, saucy Tongue!

Lett. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my Message; and that too, in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your Mistress is a pert young Hussy, and I shall tell her Mother of her.

Lett. That will never do; you had better trust to her own Good-nature; 'tis I am your Friend, and if we can get over three little Obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those Obstacles?

Lett. Why, Sir, there is in the first Place, your great Age; you are at least some Sixty-Six.

Old. It's a Lye; I want several — Months of it.

Lett. If you did nor, I think we may get over this: one Half of your Fortune makes a very sufficient Amends for your Age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Lett. Well, Sir; then there is, in the second Place, your terrible, ungenteel Air: This is a grand Obstacle with her who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other Half of your Fortune. — And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall

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have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible Face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

Old. Ye impudent Baggage! I'll tell your Mistress, I'll have you turn'd off.

Lett. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the Services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Lett. Services! yes, Sir, Services, and to let you see I think you fit for a Husband, I'll have you my self. ! Who can be more proper for a Husband, than a Man of your Age and Taste? for I think you cou'd not have the Conscience to live above a Year or a Year and half at most: And I think a good plentiful Jointure wou'd make amends for ones enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the House, and one had a good handsom Groom of the Chambers to attend one.

A I R IV. Hark, hark, the Cock crows.



*When a Lover like you,
Does a Woman pursue,
She must have little Wit in her Brain, Sir;
If for better and worse,
She takes not the Purse,
Alas, with her fibbing poor Swain, Sir;*

The

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

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*Tho' hugg'd to her Wifses,
Amidst empty Dishes,
Much Hunger her Stomach may prove, Sir;
But a Pocket of Gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her Food for her Love, Sir.*

Old. You are an impudent impudent Baggage! and I have
a mind to — I am out of Breath with Passion; and I shall
not recover it this half Hour.
[Exit.

SCENE V.

Lettice, Rake't.

Lett. A very pretty Lover for a young Lady indeed.

Rak. Your Servant, Mrs. Lettice; what, have you and the
great Quite Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

Lett. With his Passion for your young Mistress, or rather
her Passion for him. I have been bantering him 'till he is in
such a Rage that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her
or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your Frolicks; since we
must pay for them. You have put him out of Humour; now
will he go and put my Lady out of Humour; and then we
may be all beaten for aught I know.

Lett. Well, Sirrah! And do you think I had not rather
twenty such as you shou'd be beaten to Death, than my Master
shou'd be robb'd of his Mistress?

Rak. Your humble Servant, Madam, you need not take
any great Pains to convince me of your Fondness for your
Master. I believe he has more Mistresses than what are in our
House: But hang it, I am too polite to be Jealous, and if he
has done me the favour with you: why perhaps, I may return
it one Day with some Body else. I am not the first Gentleman
of the party-colour'd Regiment, who has been even with his
Master.

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Lett. Not with such Gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little pert skipping Beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such Masters and their Men are often both in Dress and Behaviour so very like one another, that a Woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a Change as you mention may not be sometimes for the better.

A I R V. As down in a Meadow, &c.



*See John and his Master as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the Glass:*

Each

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Each cocks fierce his Hat, each struts and looks big,
Both have Lace on their Coat, and a Bag to their Wig,
Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the Difference lies if you can,
Faith! Widows you'd give it on the side of the Man.

Rak. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this Match in our Families.

Lett. Why so?

Rak. You know how desperate his Circumstances are, and she has no Fortune.

Lett. She hath indeed no Fortune of her own; but her Aunt Higman is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Lett. Then there's the Chance of both her Brother's Death; besides an Uncle in Yorkshire, who hath but five Children only, one of which hath never had the Small-pox: nay, there are not above 16 or 17 between her and an Irish Barony.

Rak. Ay, this Lady wou'd make a fine Fortune, after two or three good Plagues. In short, I find there is but little hopes on our side, and if there be no more on yours —

Lett. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young Master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes of my old Master's staying abroad. Hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming Home. Hopes of the Stars falling. —

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things, as Hunger and Thirst. Do you seriously think that all your Master's Entertainments are at an end?

Lett. So far from it, that he is this Day to give a grand Entertainment to your Mistress, and about a Dozen more Gentlemen and Ladies.

Rak. My Chops begin to water. I find your Master is a very honest Fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three Weeks longer.

Lett. You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no Danger of his giving any more Entertainments; for there is a certain Gentleman call'd an Upholsterer, who, the moment that the Company

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pany is gone, is to make his Entrance into the House, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a House to receive a Wife in ; your Master has set me a very good Pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Lett. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for my self.

Lett. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unless it be thy invincible Impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the Impudence of a Gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed with the Ladies.

A I R VI.



When Modesty sue's for a Favour,

What answers the Politick Lass?

Lett. That she mightily likes his Behaviour,
And thinks in her Heart he's an Ass;
And thinks in her Heart he's an Ass.

Rak. But when bolder Impudence ruffles,
And manfully seizes her Charms?

Lett. Lord! you're rude, Sir, she cries, then she blushes,
And folds the brisk Youth in her Arms.
And folds, &c.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

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S C E N E VI.

Valentine, Trick.

Val. You say I owe you 500 l. Principal and Interest?

Trick. Yes, Sir, you will please to cast it up your self, and I believe our Accounts will correspond.

Val. I'll take your Word for it, Sir; and if you please to let me have 500 more, I shall owe you 1000.

Trick. Sir, the Money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, Sir, he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleases; but 'till I call it in, it will signify not much. Sir, I have thought of an Expedient, if the Money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off: Lay me down the other 500, and take the whole Debt upon your self.

Trick. I am quite out of Cash, Sir, or you knew you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the Payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to Day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called so often that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three Days, I shall send a Lawyer for my Money — and so your Servant. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Valentine, Trusty.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what Success?

Trusty. I went to the Jeweller's with the Ring which your Honour told me cost an Hundred Pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than 50 for it, so I e'en took that.

Val. Very well!

Trusty. As for the old Silver Bowl which your Father valu'd at Fourscore Pounds, Mr. Whiting said, there was so much reckon'd for the Fashion; and that it was so old and ungen-

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ungenteel, that he offer'd me but 20: But I knew your Honour wanted Money, and so I took it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. The Gold repeating Watch I carried to the Maker, and told him he had received 50 odd Guineas for it, two Years ago: but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the Nobility and Gentry run so much into *Pincbeck*, that he had not dispos'd of two Gold Watches this Month. However he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that Rogue in *Monmouth-Street*, who offer'd me but 16*l.* for the two Suits of fine Clothes, that I dare swear stood your Honour in above a 100*l.* I flew into a great Passion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You shou'd have taken the Money.

Trusty. One piece of surprising good Fortune was the saving of your Medals, which as I was just going to dispose of, a Gentleman whisper'd in my Ear, that a certain Knight that wou'd be in Town in a Fortnight, wou'd give six times as much for them.

Val. A Fortnight! what of a Fortnight? a Fortnight's an Age. I would not give a Shilling for the Reversion of an Estate so long to come. Here give me what Money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

Trusty. But, Sir, I wish your Honour would consider: for my part I dread my old Master's coming home, and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thy self about that; but go execute my Commands. [Exit Trusty.]

S C E N E

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A I R VII. Excuse me.



*Let Misers with Sorrow To-day,
Lay up, for To-morrow's Array,
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves;
Drink up to his Chin in the Waves.
But Fortune, like Women, To-day may be kind;
And yield to your Mind,
To-morrow she goes,
And on others before me
The Blessing.*

*The Lover who yields to the Fair one's Delays,
Oft loses the Day,
Then fly to her Arms,
For we are sure
Of her Charms
When Possessing.*

S C E N E

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S C E N E VIII.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, a Gentleman in Mourning desires to see you.

Val. Shew him in. [Exit Servant.] Wou'd my dear Charlotte were here.

S C E N E IX.

Valentine, Slap.!

Val. Your most obedient Servant, Sir; I have not the Honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small Writ against you.

Val. A Writ against me!

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200*l.*

Val. What must I do, Sir!

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you please, only pay the Money, or give Bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this Instant, and I expect Company every Moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll take my Word till To-morrow Morning?

Slap. Oh, yes, Sir; with all my Heart. If you will be so good as to step to my House hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your Word.

Val. Your House! 'Sdeath you Rascal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then! — who's there — my Servants. [Enter Servants.] here kick this Fellow down Stairs.

Slap. This is a Rescue, remember that — a Rescue, Sir, I'll have my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant.

[*Slap is forc'd off by the Servants.*

S C E N E

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S C E N E X.

Valentine, Charlotte.

Charl. Oh Valentine! What's the matter? I am frighten'd to Death. Swords drawn! Oh my Heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my Love; I have no Wounds but those you can cure.

Charl. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the Occasion of this Bustle?

Val. Nothing, my Dear, but a Couple of Fencing-Masters—I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the Back, that's all.

Charl. You see the Dangers I run on your Account, should my Aunt know of my being here, I shall be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the Company will think when they see me here before them, I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your Power to silence the Tongues of the World whenever you please: And Oh *Charlotte!* I wish you would this Day consent to make, this House your reputable Home.

Charl. Press me not, *Valentine*: for whatever be the Consequence, if you should, I feel, I cannot deny you.

D.

AIR

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

AIR VIII. Spring's a coming.



Virgins wary
 Would ne'er miscarry,
 If Lovers wou'd take a Denial or two;
 If he pursues ber still,
 Can she refuse him still,
 What she her self hath a mind to do?

Val.

Turtles, tho' with each other they die,
 Shall be less constant and fond than I;

For

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

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*For April's soft Showers,
Nor June's sweet Flowers,
In Softness and Sweetness with thee can vie.*

Charl. *Turtles iho, &c.*

Charl. Cou'd I be assur'd of your Constancy; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me it wou'd not be in the Power of Fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If you can place any Confidence in Vows, I know not how to bind my self faster to you, than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own Merit. Believe me, *Charlotte*, Men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for Money, is constant to the Love of his Wife's Money. He that marries for Beauty, is commonly constant while that Beauty lasts, and a Love that's fix'd on Merit as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Charl. Well, we must all run a Risque, believe me; as to the point of Fortune, it is the least of my Thoughts. A Woman, who can carry her Prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to Love. Love reigns alone in every Breast it inhabits, and in my Opinion makes us amends for the Absence of Madam Prudence, and all her Train.

Val. Thou dearest Girl, this Night shall make me thine.

A.J.R.

A I R IX. *Polworth on the Green.*

*Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,
Let's enjoy our selves To-day ;
To-morrow's in the Hands of the Powers,
To-day alone is ours.*

*Let Fools for Wealth,
Spend Time, and Health ;
While we, more happy, try,
In each soft Kiss,
Transporting Bliss,
Which Treasures ne'er can buy.*

Charl. *Let Age grave Lessons preach,
'Gainst what she cannot reach ;
Let Prudes condemn, what they esteem,
All Fools our Joys impeach.*

Bob. *Let Fools, &c.*

A C T.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Valentine and Company, seated as after Dinner.

VALENTINE,

CALL in the Dancers. I hope, Ladies, your Good-nature will make you as kind to this part of the Entertainment as it hath to the other.

Marg. Je vous felicite de votre Gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine, mais allons ! Dancons nous mesmes.

Val. My Father arriv'd, say you?

Les. Yes, Sir, and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and Hell ! what shall I do, Lettice ! I must trust to the Contrivance of thy Brain, or I am undone.

Lett. Well, I will do the best I can for you ; in the mean time be not chagrin, enjoy your Friends, and take no Notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the Door. Be sure to keep close Garrison, and after I am gone out, open the Doors to none.

Val. Send thee good Luck, my best Wench. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies, what say you, are you for Cards or Hazard ?

All. Hazard, Hazard.

Marg. Hazard ! ma voix est toujours pour Hazard !

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Goodall, Lettice, and Servant with a Portmantua.

Good. This cursed Stage-Coach from Portsmouth hath fatigu'd me more than my Voyage from the Cape of Good-hope : but

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but Heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within sight of my own Doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my Son will be to see me returned a full Year sooner than my intention.

Lett. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the *Cape of Good-hope* yet. [Aside.]

Good. I hope I shall find my poor Boy at Home; I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Lett. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you my good Master. [Aside.] Bless me, what do I see? An Apparition?

Good. Lettice!

Lett. Is it my dear Master *Goodall* returned, or is it the Devil in his Shape? Is it you, Sir, is it positively you your self?

Good. Even so. How do you do, *Lettice*?

Lett. Much at your Honour's Service. I am heartily glad to see your Honour in such good Health. Why, the Air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have stay'd a little longer there for the sake of your Health — and our Quiet. [Aside.]

Good. Well, but how does my Son do? And how hath he behaved himself in my Absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my Affairs.

Lett. I'll answer for him, he hath put your Affairs into a Condition that will surprise you, take my Word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every Day in the Alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagined, and if he followed my Advice he must have amassed a vast Sum of Money.

Lett. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Good. Hew, how, how!

Lett. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Lett. Put it out I mean, Sir, to Interest, to Interest, Sir; why, our House hath been a perfect Fair ever since you went, People coming for Money every Hour of the Day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear Boy [To Lettice.] knock at the Door.

Lett.

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Lett. He is not at home, Sir, — and if you have such a desire to see him —

SCENE III.

Security, Goodall, Lettice.

Sec. Your Servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Lett. Your Servant, Mr. Security — Here's a Rogue of a Usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his Money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your Master Day after Day in this manner, without finding him, and that, if he does not pay me To-day, I shall sue out an Execution directly. A thousand Pounds are a Sum —

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Lett. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my Son owe you a thousand Pounds?

Sec. Your Son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir, this Woman's young Master, who lives at that House, Mr. Valentine Goodall is my Son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does, and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two Words tho' to that Bargain.

Lett. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of Joy, when you know that his owing this Money, is purely an Effect of his good Conduct.

Good. Good Conduct! Owing Money good Conduct?

Lett. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a House of the Price of two thousand Pounds, which every one says is worth more than four, and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand Pound. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Trusty ran all over the Town to get the Money, that he might not lose so good a Bargain. I believe there will not go many Words to the Payment on't now.

[Aside.]

Good. I am over-joy'd at my Son's Behaviour. — Sir, you need give your self no pain about the Money; return To-morrow Morning, and you shall receive it.

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Sec. Sir, your Word is sufficient for a much greater Sum
and I am your very humble Servant. [Ex]

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the Town
hath my Son bought this House.

Lett. In what part of the Town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, some Quarters better than
others — as for example, this here —

Lett. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great House yonder, is it?

Lett. No, no, no, do you see that House yonder —
where the Windows seem to have been just cleaned.

Good. Yes.

Lett. It is not that — and a little beyond, you see another
very large House higher than any other in the Square.

Good. I do.

Lett. But it is not that. — Take particular Notice of the
House opposite to it, a very handsome House, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed is it.

Lett. That is not the House — but you may see one
with great Gates before it, almost opposite to another that
fronts a Street, at the End of which stands the House which
your Son hath bought.

Good. There is no good House in that Street, as I remember,
but Mrs. Highman's.

Lett. That's the very House.

Good. That is a very good Bargain, indeed; but how comes
a Woman in her Circumstances to sell her House?

Lett. It is impossible, Sir, to account for Peoples Actions;
besides, she is out of her Senses.

Good. Out of her Senses!

Lett. Yes, Sir, her Family hath taken out a Commission of
Lunacy against her, and her Son, who is a most abandon'd Pro-
digal, hath sold all she had for half its Value.

Good. Son! why, she was not marry'd when I went away.

Lett. No, Sir; but to the great Surprise of every one, and
to the great Scandal of all our Sex, there appeared all of a sud-
den a very lusty young Fellow, of the Age of Three and

Twenty,

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Twenty, whom she owned to have been her Son, and that his Father was a Grenadier in the first Regiment of Guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Lett. Ah, Sir! if every Child in this City knew his own Father; if Children were to inherit only the Estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great Confusion in Inheritances.

AIR X. Pierot's Dance.



*Were all Womens Secrets known,
Did each Father know his own,
Many a Son now bred to Trade,
Then had skin'd in rich Brocade;
Many Cits
Had been Wits,
In Estate, tho' not in Sense;
Many Beaux,
Birth-Day Clothes,
Had not worn at Cits Expence:
For did our Women wise, indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the Breed,
Our Sparks such pretty Masters grow,
So spruce, so taper, and so low;*

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*From Britons tall,
Our Heroes shall
Be Lilliputians all.*

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long; knock at the Door.

Lett. What shall I do?

[Aside.]

Good. You seem in a Consternation! no Accident hath happened to my Son, I hope!

Lett. No, Sir, but —

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my Absence?

Lett. No, Sir; not absolutely robbed you, Sir. — What shall I say? —

Good. Explain yourself, speak.

Lett. Oh, Sir! I can withhold my Tears no longer. — Enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your House, Sir; your dear House, that you, and I, and my poor young Master lov'd so much, within these six Months.

Good. What of my House, within these six Months?

Lett. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible Apparitions that were ever heard or beheld! you'd think the Devil himself had taken Possession of it: Nay, I believe he hath too; all the wild Noises in the Universe, the squeaking of Pigs, the grinding of Knives, the whetting of Saws, the whistling of Winds, the roaring of Seas, the hooting of Owls, the howling of Wolves, the braying of Asses, the squalling of Children, and the scolding of Wives, all put together, make not so hideous a Consort. This I my self have heard; nay, and I have seen such Sights! one with about twenty Heads, and a hundred Eyes, and Mouths, and Noses in each.

Good. Heyday! the Wench is mad. Stand from before the Door! I'll see whether the Devil can keep me out from my own House. Haunted indeed! —

Lett. Sir, I have a Friendship for you, and you shall not go in.

Good.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

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Good. How! not go into my own House?

Lett. No, Sir, not till the Devil is driven out on't; there are two Priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the Devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen your self, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*]

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a Noise.

Lett. I have nothing but his monstrous Superstition to rely on.

[*Scream within.*]

Good. Oh Heavens! what monstrous Squalling is that?

Lett. Why, Sir, I am surpriz'd you shou'd think I wou'd impose upon you. I assure you, your House is haunted by a whole Legion of Devils. Your whole Family hath been driven out of it; and this was one Reason why your Son bought Madam *Highman's* House, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold Sweat! What, my Son left this House!

Lett. Oh! Sir, I am sure, had you known the Terrors we underwent for a whole Fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every Night frightned, with the Sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every Minute what they would do to me—

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have indeed heard of such things as Apparitions, on just Causes, and believe in them; but why they shou'd haunt my House, I can't imagine.

Lett. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the House, there was a Murder committed in it.

Good. I must inquire into all these things. But, in the mean time, I must send this Portmanteau to my Son's new House.

Lett. No, Sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that House haunted! Hath the Devil taken Possession of that House too?

Lett. No, Sir, but Madam *Highman* hath not yet quitted Possession of it. I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her Senses; and if any one does but mention the Sale of her House to her, it throws her into the most violent Convulsions.

Good.

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Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her Madness.

Lett. I wish, Sir, for a Day or two —

Good. You throw me out of all manner of Patience. I am resolv'd I will go thither this Instant.

Lett. Here she is herself; but, pray remember the Condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

S C E N E IV.

Lettice, Goodall, Mrs. Highman.

Mrs. High. What do I see! Mr. *Goodall* return'd?

Lett. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself — he's distracted; his Losses in his Voyage have turn'd his Brain, and he is become a downright Lunatick.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his Misfortune. Poor Gentleman!

Lett. If he shou'd speak to you by chance, have no Regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a Mad-house, with all Expedition.

Mrs. High. [Aside.] He hath a strange wand'ring in his Countenance.

Good. [Aside.] How miserably she is alter'd! She hath a terrible Look with her Eyes.

Mrs. High. Mr. *Goodall*, your very humble Servant. I am glad to see you return'd, tho' I am sorry for your Misfortune.

Good. I must have Patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the Power of the Priests, who are now endeavouring to lay these wicked Spirits, with which my House is haunted.

Mrs. High. His House haunted! poor Man! but I must not contradict him, that wou'd make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. *Highman*, I shon'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my Portmanteau to your House.

Mrs. High. My House is at your Service, and I desire you wou'd use it in the same manner as your own.

Good.

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Good. I won'd not, Madam, on any Account, insult your unfortunate Condition. — *Lettice,* this Lady does not carry any Marks of Madness about her;

Lett. She hath some lucid Intervals, Sir, but her Fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your Misfortune, Mrs. *Highman*, which indeed, had I not been so well assur'd of, I cou'd not have believ'd: But I have known some in your way, who, during the Intervals of their Fits, have talked very reasonably; therefore give me leave to ask you the Cause of your Phrensy; for I much question, whether this Commission of Lunacy that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient Proof.

Mrs. High. A Commission of Lunacy against me! me!

Good. *Lettice,* I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a Madhouse.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the Tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. *Highman*, I wou'd not have you be uneasy that your House is sold; at least, it is better for you that my Son hath bought it, than another; for you shall have an Apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your Senses.

Mrs. High. What's all this? As if I was still in my Senses! Let me tell you, Mr. *Goodall*, you are a poor distracted Wretch, and ought to have an Apartment in a dark Room, and clean Straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall shew you the nearest way out of Doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I shall fill all the Rooms with Goods within these few Days.

SCENE V.

Lettice, Goodall, Mrs. Highman, Slap, Constable, and Assistants.

Slap. That's the Door, Mr. Constable.

Lett. What's to be done now, I wonder?

Const.

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Const. Open the Door, in the King's Name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the Devil's Name? And what do you want in that House?

Slap. Sir, I have a Prisoner there, and I have my Lord-Chief-Justice's Warrant against him.

Good. For what Sum, Sir? Are you a Justice of Peace?

Slap. I am one of his Majesty's Officers, Sir; and this Day I arrested one Mr. *Valentine Goodall*, who lives in this House, for Two Hundred Pounds; his Servants have rescu'd him, and I have a Judge's Warrant for the Rescue.

Good. What do I hear? But harkee, Friend, that House that you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it, but a couple of Priests who are laying the Devil.

Slap. I warrant you, I lay the Devil better than all the Priests in Europe. Come, Mr. *Constable*, do your Office, I have no time to lose: Sir, I have several other Writs to execute before Night.

Lett. I have defended my Pafs as long as I can, and now I think it is no Cowardice to steal off. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Colonel Bluff, Monsieur la Marquess, Slap, Goodall, Constable.

Col. What, in the Devil's Name, is the meaning of this Riot? What is the Reason, Scoundrels, that you dare disturb Gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as Lords.

Slap. Sir, we have Authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your Authority, Sir! if you don't go about your Business, I shall show you my Authority, and send you all to the Devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a Warrant against him too: I wish it was in my Pocket.

Const. Mr. *Slap*, shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you wou'd give us leave to enter the House and seize our Prisoner.

Col.

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Col. Not I; upon my Honour, Sir.

Mons. Que veut due cette Bruit quelle vilain Anglois ! quelle pouscon yentre bleu ! allons ! Monsieur le Colonel ! allons ! frappons !

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to Force.

Col. If you love Force, I'll shew you the way, you Dogs.

[Col. drives them off.]

Good. I find, I am distracted, I am stark raving mad, I am undone, ruin'd ! cheated, impos'd on ! but please Heaven I'll go see what's in my House.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own House, Sir ?

Col. No, Sir, if it be yours, you must not come within it.

Mons. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the Master of the House.

Col. Sir, the Master of the House desires to speak with no such Fellows as you are; you are not fit Company for any of the Gentlemen in this House.

Good. Sir, the Master of this House is my Son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble Servant ; I am overjoy'd to see you return'd ; give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this Gentleman : Monsieur le Marquis Quelque Chose, le Perre de Monsieur Valentine.

Mons. Ah, Monsieur que je suis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble Servant.

Col. Give the leave to tell you, Sir, you have the Honour of being Father to one of the finest Gentlemen of the Age; a Man so accomplish'd, so well bred, and so generous; that I believe he never wou'd part with a Guest, while he had a Shilling in his Pocker, nor indeed while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir, therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir ; I want to talk with you about your Affairs ; I hope you have had good Success in the Indies ; have cheated the Company handsomely ; and made an immense Fortune.

Good. I have no Reason to complain.

F

Col.

34 *The Intriguing Chambermaid.*

Col. I am glad on't, Sir; and so will your Son, I dare swear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune, he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine Life he has led since you went away: It wou'd do your Heart good, if you was but to know what an Equipage he has kept, what Balls and Entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole Town, Sir, a Man wou'd work with Pleasure for such a Son: he is a Fellow with a Soul, Damn me! Your Fortune won't be thrown away upon him, for get as much as you please, my Life he spends every Farthing.

Good. Pray, Gentlemen, let me see this Miracle of a Son of mine.

Col. That you shoud, Sir, long ago, but really, Sir, the House is a little out of order at present, there is but one Room furnish'd in it; and that is so full of Company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a small deficiency of Chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the House to raise any Money upon.

Good. What, all my Pictures gone?

Col. He sold them first, Sir, he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of his Taste: He certainly is the most modest young Fellow in the World, and has complain'd to me a hundred times of the indecent Liberty Painters take in exposing the Breasts and Limbs of Women; you had indeed, Sir, a very scandalous Collection, and he was never easy while they were in the House.

S C E N E VII.

Valentine, Colonel, Goodall, Monsieur.

Val. My Father return'd, oh, let me throw thy self at his Feet, and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and ashamed to see your Face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the most modest young Fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be ash'm'd; but come, let me see the inside of my House; let me see that both sides of thy Walls are standing.

Val.

The Intriguing Chambermaid.

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Val. Sir, I have a great deal of Company within, of the first Fashion, and beg you wou'd not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir! I am their very humble Servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the Persons of Fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor Citizen out of House and Home.

Col. Harkye, Val, shall we toss this old Fellow in a Blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust in your Good-nature and Forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I shou'd live to see this Day!

Mansf. Pardie voila Homme extraordinaire! { *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII. A Dining-Room.

Lord Pride, Lord Puff, &c.

L. Pride. I told you, my Lord, it would never hold long; when once the Chariot disappear'd, I thought the Master wou'd soon follow.

L. Puff. I help'd him on with a small Lift, the other Day, at Piquet.

L. Pride. Did you do any thing considerable?

L. Puff. A mere Trifle, my Lord: It wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present Circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a Pleasure in ruining these little mechanical Rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant Expences of us Men of Quality.

L. Puff. That ever such Plebeian Scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their Debts, shou'd presume to engage with us Men of Quality, who are not!

F 2 S C E N E

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S C E N E IX.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Colonel, Monsieur, Lord
Pride, Lord Puff, &c.

Val. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Father being just arriv'd
from the Indies, desires to make one of this good Company.

Good. My good Lords (that I may affront none, by calling
him beneath his Title) I am highly sensible of the great Ho-
nour you do my Self, and my Son, by filling my poor House
with your noble Persons, and your noble Persons with my
poor Wine and Provisions. I dare swear you have been all
highly instrumental in the Extravagancies of my Son; for
which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I
shall never see him, or any of your Faces again.

L. Pride. Brother *Puff*, what does the Fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me, if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my Son hath ruin'd himself in so
good a Company; that when I disinherit him, he can't fail of
being provided for. I promise my self that your Interest will
help him to Places and Preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my Power, he may always com-
mand.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whisper a Word in your Ear.— Your
Son is a very extravagant Fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope that you will con-
sider that you have assisted him in it; and therefore will help his
Necessities with a Brace of Thousands.

L. Pride. I don't understand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may understand me, I must
tell you in plain Words, that he owes his Ruin to entertaining
such fine Gentlemen as your self.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I
think I do you too much Honour in entering into your Doors:
But I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep
such

The Intriguing Chambermaid. 37

such Mechanicks for the future: Coime, *Puff*, let's to the Opera. I see, if a Man hath not good Blood in his Veins, Riches won't teach him to behave like a Gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille!

[*Exeunt L. Pride and L. Puff.*

Good. S'bodlikins! I am in a Rage; that ever a Fellow shou'd upbraid me with good Blood in his Veins, when, Odsheart! the best Blood in his Veins hath run thro' my Bottles.

1 Lady. My Lord *Pride*, and my Lord *Puff*, gone! Come, my Dear, the Assembly is broke up; let us make haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

2 Lady. With all my Heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 Lady. Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Mons. Allons, quittons le Bourgion.

Col. Sir, you are a Scrub; and if I had not a Friendship for your Son; I'd shew you how you ought to treat People of Fashion.

[*Exeunt Col. and Monsieur.*

Charl. Poor *Valentine*! how tenderly I feel his Misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your Companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a Desart from the Apprehensions of your just Wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that stay behind the rest of your Company? There is no more Mischief to be done here, so there is no more Business for a fine Lady.

Charl. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy Son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your Displeasure.

Good. Ah, Madam, if that be all the Business, you may leave this House as soon as you please; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, *Valentine*, I have some Fortune which my Aunt cannot prevent me from, and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a Year, a Month, a Day, with the Man I love, to a whole stupid Age without him.

Val.

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Val. O, my dear Love! and I prefer an Hour with thee, to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that Fortune cannot make me miserable.

AIR XI. - The Lals of Patie's Mill.



*Thus when the Tempest high,
Roars dreadful from above,
The Constant Turtles fly
Together to the Grove;
Each spreads its tender Wings,
And hovers o'er its Mate;
They kiss, they coo, and sing,
And love, in spite of Fate.*

AIR

The Inquiring Chambermaid. 33

AIR XII.



My tender Heart was long beguil'd,
I now first my Passions prov'd;
Had Fortune on you ever smil'd,
I'd known was how I lov'd.
False Passions, like base Metals, cold,
With true may seem the same;
But wou'd you know true Love and Gold,
Still try them in the Flame.

SCENE X.

Goodall, Valentine, Charlotte, Oldcastle, Mrs. Highmore.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may trust your own Eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. Higb. What do I see? My Niece in the very Arms of her Betrayer, and his Father an Abettor of the Injustice! — Sir, give me leave to tell you, your Madness is a poor Excuse for this Behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your Pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was was impos'd on by a vile Wretch, who, I dare wear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. Higb. Thou vile Wretch! thou Dishonour of thy Family! How dost thou dare to appear before my Face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of; and dare appear before any one's Face.

Good.

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Good. Is this young Lady a Relation of yours?

Mrs. Higb. She was, before your Son had accomplish'd his base Designs on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him; his Designs on me have been still honourable, nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous Ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow shall silence your Suspicions on that Head.

Mrs. Higb. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your Son's Extravagance?

Good. Is this Lady your Heiress?

Mrs. Higb. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous Passion for my Son so much, that if you will give her a Fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their Happiness.

Mr. Higb. Won't you? And I see she is so intirely his, in her Heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my Power to make it a Bargain.

Val. Eternal Blessings on you both! Now, my Charbisse, I am bless'd indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. Higb. That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know I was your Friend; but my Niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your Niece has behav'd like a —— Bodikins! I am in a Passion; and for her sake, I'll never make Love to any Woman again, I am resolv'd.

[Exit in a Puff.]

Mrs. Higb. No imprudent Resolution.

Good. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only Return in your Power to my paternal Tenderness in forgiving you; and let the Misery you so narrowly escap'd, from your former Extravagancies, be a Warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my Gratitude to your great Goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any Vice, whereby this Lady might be a Sufferer.

Single, I'd suffer Fate's severest Dart

Unmov'd; but who can bear the double Smart,
When Sorrow preys upon the fair One's Heart.

F I N I S.



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